The Day the Soldiers Prayed with the Prophet

Islamic Poems for Children

Volume 12

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This book is intended for children aged 5-10 years. The stories and teachings are based on authentic Islamic principles, including references to Hadith, and are designed to promote positive moral values and character development.

The content is presented in a simple and engaging dialogue format, tailored for young readers. While the stories are carefully crafted to be age-appropriate, parents and guardians are encouraged to read the book with their children to ensure full understanding and provide additional context when needed.

For further clarification on the Islamic teachings mentioned, readers are encouraged to consult qualified scholars or trusted Islamic resources.

All efforts have been made to present the teachings of Islam accurately. However, readers are advised to seek further knowledge from authoritative sources to gain a comprehensive understanding of the subject matter.

When the Battle Paused for Prayer

Mansoor:
Baba, what happens if people are in danger,
Can they still stop and make time for prayer?

Baba:
Yes, my dear, even in war's harsh glare,
The Prophet ﷺ showed us how to care.

Mansoor:
In battle, Baba? With swords all around?
How could they pray with such danger abound?

Baba:
Let me tell you a story that's brave and true,
From the days when the Prophet ﷺ led his crew.
In Najd's dry lands under the sun's bright flame,
They faced the enemy—but prayer still came.

Mansoor:
But Baba, how? Wouldn't the enemy see?
And try to harm them while they bent their knee?

Baba:
Smart question, Mansoor, they made a plan,
Inspired by Allah, the Prophet ﷺ began.

He split the army into two strong sides,
One stood to pray, the other watched with pride.

Mansoor:
So only half of them prayed at first?
The others stood firm, ready for the worst?

Baba:
Exactly! The Prophet ﷺ led just one row,
They bowed and made sujood, peaceful and slow.
Then they stepped back, their turn was done,
The other group came—and prayed as one.

Mansoor:
So both groups prayed, but took turns in line?
Even in danger, they still found time?

Baba:
Yes, my son, that's the beauty of Deen,
Salat is a gift, pure and clean.
Even when fear shadows the skies,
A believer still prays, and never denies.

Mansoor:
That's so brave, Baba. It makes me see—
How strong and calm a believer must be.

Baba:
You've understood well, my precious boy,
Prayer brings peace, more than any toy.
No matter where, no matter when,
A Muslim prays, again and again.

Mansoor:
I want to be like them—steadfast and true,
To guard my Salah in all that I do.

Baba:
That's my brave Mansoor, my shining light,
Hold on to your prayer, with all of your might.

The Brave Prayer on the Battlefield

Mansoor:
Baba, what if danger is near,
And praying seems hard—should we still not fear?

Baba:
Yes, my son, even when foes surround,
Our Salah stays strong, steady and sound.

Mansoor:
But Baba, what if we cannot kneel?
What if we're riding—can prayer still feel real?

Baba:
That’s a wise question, my thoughtful one,
Let me tell you what the Prophet ﷺ had done.
In times when danger filled the air,
And Muslims had enemies everywhere,
He ﷺ said, “Pray standing, or ride,
Even if fear walks right by your side.”

Mansoor:
They didn’t stop praying—no matter what came?
Even if they stood in war’s burning flame?

Baba:
Exactly, Mansoor. Salah was their light,
Their shield, their strength in every fight.
Even when outnumbered and few,
They prayed to Allah, so brave and true.

Mansoor:
So they could pray while holding a sword?
Not just in mosques or homes adored?

Baba:
Yes, my boy, while riding their steed,
Or standing still in a time of need.
Salah isn’t stopped by trouble or test,

It lives in the heart, where faith finds rest.

Mansoor:
That's amazing, Baba! I didn't know—
Prayer can travel wherever we go!

Baba:
Indeed, my son, it's a gift so wide,
You carry it always, deep inside.
Whether in battle, or riding a hill,
Your heart can whisper, "Allah," and still—

Mansoor:
I will remember, Baba, in all that I do,
To pray with my heart, and always be true.

Baba:
That's the spirit, Mansoor, pure and bright,
You carry the light of Salah in the night.

Praying Together Guarding Each Other

Mansoor:
Baba, how did Muslims pray,
When danger came their way?

Baba:

Ah, Mansoor, let me share a day,
When the Prophet ﷺ led a special way.
It was called the “Fear Prayer,” my dear,
Still full of peace, though danger was near.

Mansoor:
Did they all pray the same at once,
Or hide behind their shields and run?

Baba:
They didn’t run—they stood with grace,
Some prayed while others kept their place.
One group stood behind the Prophet ﷺ’s back,
They bowed and prostrated in the prayer track.
Then stepped away, alert and aware,
To guard their friends with thoughtful care.

Mansoor:
And then what happened—did more join in?
Was everyone safe from what could have been?

Baba:
Yes, the second group came to pray,
While the first ones guarded the way.
Everyone prayed but took their turn,
For safety and faith, they both did yearn.

Mansoor:
So they protected one another too?
While worshiping Allah in all they do?

Baba:
Exactly, my son, side by side,
They worshipped and watched with honor and pride.
Their hearts stayed strong, their rows stayed tight,
They prayed for peace in the middle of fight.

Mansoor:
Baba, I'll remember this with care—
That even in fear, we still have prayer.
And we must look out for each other too,
That's what true believers do!

Baba:
Beautiful words, my sweet young guide,
Keep them close, let your heart decide.
Pray with courage, protect with love,
And trust always in Allah above.

Asr After Sunset

Mansoor:
Baba, today I played too long—
I missed my prayer, I know it's wrong.

Is there a story from long ago,
That shows what to do when prayers run slow?

Baba:
Yes, my Mansoor, there was a day,
During a battle far away.
The sky was red, the sun was low,
And Umar (RA) came, his heart aglow.

Mansoor:
Was he upset, Baba? What did he say?
Had he missed his prayer that day?

Baba:
He said, “O Prophet ﷺ, the sun is gone!
I missed Asr while the fight went on!”
The Prophet ﷺ replied with gentle might,
“I too have missed Asr’s light.”

Mansoor:
So what did they do—was it too late?
Did they still pray or leave it to fate?

Baba:
The Prophet ﷺ walked with steady pace,
To Buthan, a peaceful, quiet place.
He made wudu with care and grace,

Then turned his heart to Allah's face.

Mansoor:
He prayed Asr after the sun had set?
Is that allowed, Baba, and yet—

Baba:
Yes, my son, in times of need,
If one forgets or cannot proceed,
The prayer is not lost, just delayed—
But it must be done, not left or swayed.

Mansoor:
So even if we're busy or things go wrong,
We should still pray, no matter how long?

Baba:
Exactly, my son, that's how we strive,
To keep our faith and prayers alive.
No matter the moment, hard or bright,
We turn to Allah and do what's right.

Mansoor:
I'll remember this tale from now till then—
To never give up, and pray again!

Baba:

That’s my boy, with a heart so true—
Allah is pleased with children like you.

The Road to Bani Quraiza

Mansoor:
Baba, today my teacher said,
Sometimes two paths go ahead.
One friend did this, the other that—
And both were right! Imagine that!

Baba:
Ah, Mansoor, you’ve touched a truth so wide,
Let me tell you what happened during a warrior’s stride.
When the Prophet ﷺ came from battle strong,
He gave a command—it wasn’t wrong.

Mansoor:
What did he say, Baba? What was his call?

Baba:
He said, “Pray Asr only at Bani Quraiza for all.”
The companions walked, with hearts full of cheer,
But Asr time came before they got near.

Mansoor:
So what did they do, Baba? Did they stop?

Baba:
Some did stop and prayed on the spot.
They said, “The Prophet ﷺ meant we must not delay,
But not to miss the time along the way.”

Mansoor:
And the others?

Baba:
They stayed true to every word,
They marched ahead, just as they heard.
They prayed Asr later, once they arrived—
Each group felt they had rightly strived.

Mansoor:
Did the Prophet ﷺ get upset or mad?
Did he say one group was wrong or bad?

Baba:
No, my son, and that’s the key—
He praised their effort, you see.
Intentions matter when hearts are pure,
And both their actions, Allah will endure.

Mansoor:
So if we try, and think it through,

And mean our best—Allah loves that too?

Baba:
Yes, Mansoor, when your heart is sincere,
Allah draws you close, He holds you near.
Even if choices don't look the same,
Good niyyah brings Allah's name.

Mansoor:
Thank you, Baba, I understand—
That wisdom and kindness go hand in hand.

Baba:
That's right, my son, you're growing wise—
Keep truth and love before your eyes.

The Gift of Freedom

Mansoor:
Baba, why did the Prophet ﷺ go
To places where battles would grow?
Wasn't he kind and always fair—
Why would he fight or cause despair?

Baba:
A gentle heart can still be strong,
To stop injustice, right the wrong.

Let me tell you of Khaibar’s day,
When darkness faded into grey.

Mansoor:
Was it early? Was it cold?

Baba:
Yes, before the light took hold.
The Prophet ﷺ stood for Fajr in the night,
Then said, "Khaibar is ruined" with might.

Mansoor:
Why, Baba? What did he mean?

Baba:
He meant that truth would now be seen.
Khaibar was a land of pride,
But they had harmed and chosen lies.

Mansoor:
Did he win the battle then?

Baba:
Yes, with Allah's help—not just by men.
And in the end, as was the way,
The captives were brought at close of day.

Mansoor:
That sounds so sad. What happened next?

Baba:
There was a woman—heart perplexed.
Her name was Safiya, noble and bright,
She had lost much, but gained the light.

Mansoor:
What do you mean, Baba?

Baba:
She came as captive, but not for long.
The Prophet ﷺ saw she didn't belong
In chains or sadness—so with grace,
He freed her soul, gave her a place.

Mansoor:
He married her?

Baba:
Yes, and her mahr was clear—
Freedom from sorrow, peace near.
No gold or silver, only care—
A home of love, a life of prayer.

Mansoor:

So kindness wins, even in war?

Baba:
Yes, my son—that’s what it's for.
To break the hate, to set hearts free—
Just like the Prophet ﷺ taught you and me.

Mansoor:
Baba, I want to be brave and kind too—
Like the Prophet ﷺ in all I do.

Baba:
Then walk in truth, with heart sincere—
And Allah will always keep you near.